



WE goe to braye buildings of faire wycke and stone,
Where men of great calling live lordly alone,
We aske it for Gods sake, but none will come neare vs,
We craue it for Christes sake, yet no man will heare vs.
Lord helpe vs, Lord helpe vs, Lord helpe vs with speed
Come now Lord & helpe thy poore people that need.

For Good hospitalitie was kild long agoe,
And our good House-keepers haue felt the like woe:
For As the hath gnawed and eaten them as rust,
And neuer would leaue them, till leaue them he must.
Now Charitie is choked with picking bare bones,
And Prouerbie compelled to lie on cold stones:
And Good men that giue, are soone dead and rotten,
But God that doth giue all, is soonest forgotten.

Thou gau'st vs a helper while here he did liue,
Whose handes was not emptie his almes for to giue:
But now Lord we lacke him, he is clothed in clay,
And woe be to thee death, that tooke him away.

Our good Earle of Bedford, that man it is he,
Which caused this weeping and wayling to be:
And blame vs not brethren, we beare him in mind,
Such good men as he was, few we can find.

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He was no such Courtier all dayes of his life,
That euer begd liuing from poore man or wife:
Though some would haue done it, & sought for to get them,
Yet no man so ready as he was to let them.

He thinks yet he liueth, and standeth in place,
Preferring the poore man to come to her Grace,
To talke and to tell her, she may vnderstand,
Some Courtier hath begged his house and his land.

Then comes the poore Widow, and she wryngs her hands
By good Lord of Bedford now thus our tale standes:
Our Commons are caught by, where we fed our beastes,
Lord Bedford now helpe vs the same to release,

Then like a kind Father, good people, sayth he,
I am very willing your helper to be.

Our Quene is so gracious and louing in deed,
That what I aske for you, I know I shall speed.

Her Highnesse then hearing his Ponder was there,
Sayth to him, My Lord I pray you come neere:
What wryting haue you there, may I vnderstand?
He kisses it most humbly, and giues in her hand.

But she reads it, and saith, who doth owe it?
Then he thanks him that would let her know it,
Then Mr. My good Lord I pray you procted,
Your honour shall do a good deed.

Will you haue more?
Giveth the quene
Now and anon,
Then your dayes.

What man is he liuing that now th
And hath his eyes open, can keepe the
To thinke how few good men there be
And how soone they happen to come to
Yet let us not murrell if death will not
For when the Lord sendeth, then life must
And life is but a breath in this world to men,
But death is most certaine: what shall we say th.

Our now who is ready to ride for the poore?
Who is not ready to shut by his doore?
Who please himself cunningly his house and his land,
But none of Gods choise, takes such thinges in hand.

But time ouertakes me, and I can not shoo,
So much as I would, nor halfe that I know:
For many men weare by, and giue by housekeeping,
And many poore women sit wayling and weeping.

And many that muse him, so earnestly pray,
That God of his goodnesse moue to fetch them away:
And many poore children cryes out, they haue wrong,
And many poore youngmen sit singing this song.

Gone is our prouider of money and coine,
Oh this was the best man that euer was hoine:
For sicke and soxe to like, for halt and for lame,
His purse was a playster of salve for the same.

For who hath not sene in euery streete,
What flocks of poore people his honour shoud
Be mindfull of mercy, then wailing their griefe,
With handes of compassion, did giue them reliefe.

And had them returne, and giue God the prayse:
This good Earle of Bedford thus ended his dayes:
The earth was now ready to yeild him a graue,
The heauens were as ready his soule to receiue.

Now let our rich Stewards take heed how they liue,
For though not in this worlde account they must giue,
When God hath in iustice their conscience appealing,
Their iudgement is, Sathan take them for their dealing.

And then this good Steward the Lord calleth neere,
And sayth, thou art blessed: thy Conscience is cleere:
For thou hast had alwayes a care and regard,
And now thou art come to receiue thy reward.

The Crowne of all glory I giue vnto thee,
With life euermoring: receiue them of mee.
A blessed returning good people is this:
And thus the Lord dealth with all that be his.

As for our rich worldlinges that liue without shame,
There is a place aske
No Heauen, but
No merke, but

Their gold
They keepe
They take
But onely

Now
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